

Will I file off, you shall have garments, and  
Perfumes to kill the smell o'th prison, after  
When you shall stretch your selfe, and say but *Arcite*  
I am in plight, there shall be at your choyce  
Both Sword, and Armour.

*Pal.* Oh you heavens, dares any  
So noble beare a guilty busines! none  
But onely *Arcite*, therefore none but *Arcite*  
In this kinde is so bold.

*Arc.* Sweete *Palamon*.

*Pal.* I doe embrace you, and your offer, for  
Your offer doo't I onely, Sir your person  
Without hipocrisy I may not wish

*Winde hornes of Cornets.*

More then my Swords edge ont.

*Arc.* You heare the Hornes;  
Enter your Musicke least this match between's  
Be crost, er met, give me your hand, farewell.  
Ile bring you every needfull thing: I pray you  
Take comfort and be strong.

*Pal.* Pray hold your promise;  
And doe the deede with a bent brow, most creaine  
You love me not, be rough with me, and powre  
This oile out of your language, by this ayre  
I could for each word, give a Cusse: my stomach  
not reconcild by reason,

*Arc.* Plainely spoken,  
Yet pardon me hard language, when I spur

*Winde hornes.*

My horse, I chide him nor; content, and anger  
In me have but one face. Harke Sir, they call  
The scatterd to the Banket; you must guesse  
I have an office there.

*Pal.* Sir your attendance  
Cannot please heaven, and I know your office  
Vnjustly is atcheev'd.

*Arc.* If a good title,  
I am perswaded this question sicke between's,

By

By bleeding must be cur'd. I am a Suitour,  
That to your Sword you will bequeath this plea,  
And talke of it no more.

*Pal.* But this one word:

You are going now to gaze upon my Mistress,  
For note you, mine she is.

*Arc.* Nay then.

*Pal.* Nay pray you,

You talke of feeding me to breed me strength  
You are going now to looke upon a Sun  
That strengthens what it lookes on, there  
You have a vantage ore me, but enjoy't till  
I may enforce my remedy. Farewell.

*Exeunt.*

*Scena 2. Enter Taylors daughter alone.*

*Daugh.* He has mistooke; the Beake I meant, is gone  
After his fancy, 'Tis now welnigh morning,  
No matter, would it were perpetuall night,  
And darkenes Lord o'th world, Harke tis a wolfe:  
In me hath greife slaine feare, and but for one thing  
I care for nothing, and that's *Palamon*.  
I wreake not if the wolves would jaw me, so  
He had this File; what if I hallowd for him?  
I cannot hallow: if I whoop'd; what then?  
If he not answerd, I should call a wolfe,  
And doe him but that service. I have heard  
Strange howles this live-long night, why may't not be  
They have made prey of him: he has no weapons,  
He cannot run, the Iengling of his Gives  
Might call fell things to listen, who have in them  
A sence to know a man unarmed, and can  
Smell where resistance is. Ile set it downe  
He's torne to peeces, they howld many together  
And then they feed on him: So much for that,  
Be bold to ring the Bell; how stand I then?  
All's char'd when he is gone, No, no I lye,  
My Father's to be hang'd for his escape,  
My selfe to beg, if I prizd life so much  
As to deny my act, but that I would not,

Should